

THE STOCKMEN'S MEETING.

Coleman's Rural World.

When the stockmen of Missouri come together Jan. 15th, at Sedalia, we shall expect to develop a great deal of very valuable information of practical use to the agricultural interests of the entire state. It will not be a meeting of one interest as of cattle or hogs, horses or sheep, but a gathering of men representing all interests, and of representative men at that. It is to be a practical meeting of experienced men come together to take a comprehensive view of things in which they are interested, and with the intention of discussing one thing at a time exhaustively, and not touching another until the first is concluded. The idea is that agriculture is to-day at a low ebb, that many crops do not pay to produce at the price they are sold for, that some pay better than others, that we do not know what crops pay and what do not, because we keep no accounts, that some of our methods have outlived their day of usefulness and need changing, that other methods might be introduced in their place by which the farmer can make more money at a less expenditure of time, labor and means; and that, as farmers, we do not come together in a practical way, as practical men, in search of practical results often enough.

It would be impossible at this time to formulate a programme so as to indicate the subjects to be submitted to the meeting and discussed by it, but it is the determination that it shall be for business, and that no side issue will be introduced or considered. By the time the cattle situation in all its bearings has been exhaustively discussed, it is hoped new light will have been shed on that subject uppermost in the minds of so many thousands of breeders and feeders, buyers and shippers, and that they will see their way more clearly to a solution of the problems which beset them. In this matter of breeding and handling cattle will be found many interesting questions, not the least of which will be that of proper and economic rations for different ages; the propriety of grading cattle by breeding only to thoroughbred bulls, and entirely ignoring the scrubs, and leaving them to be produced on the plains and in Mexico, thus securing better feeders, earlier maturity, more economic productions and greater weights; the question of transportation and the identity of interests subsisting between the railroad companies and the farmers; the problem of a distributing center, and the undesirability of shipping too many to one destination; how this is to be avoided, and competing points discovered. The relation between what is known as the big four and the Chicago stock yards, and the railroads ought to come in for a full discussion, as also the question whether this modern innovation is of legitimate origin based on purely business principles and within the pale of law, or a combination of unscrupulous money men dominating the markets contrary to all law and to all justice.

When all that pertains to the cattle industry has been discussed and settled then it will be time to introduce the sheep breeding and wool growing problems. Here, the reader may suppose, will be an opportunity for introducing the tariff question and of listening to the oft repeated stories based upon the theories of those for or against, but the sheep breeding and wool growing business can be discussed on its merits, irrespective altogether of the tariff question, and when all has been said that will be said, not one-tenth of what could be told will have been presented to the meeting. There are many very interesting problems that might be considered in this connection such as the relative profit in breeding for mutton and wool, the best lamb for market and the most economical method of preparing it in the right time so as to secure the best prices, the best methods of handling sheep in winter, the same in summer, how to avoid disease incident to sheep and how to treat and cure them, the best grass or grasses, the right soil, the lay of the land, other feeds than grass in summer and dry feed in winter, can we grow roots profitably, and dozens of other topics may be discussed having a bearing on the successful prosecution of the sheep breeding and the wool growing industries. As we at present have no sheep breeders' association in the State and as it devolves upon such a body to elect one or more members to the national association, the question naturally arises as to whether this would not be a fit and proper time to reconstitute the old or form a new state society.

The horsemen of the state have an association, but it represents only the trotting and pacing element. It is more than likely that quite a large number of these will be present, together with many who are interested in the draft, carriage and saddle classes. Many points could be considered if such were the case.

The stallion season is near at hand,

and it two or three hours were devoted to the consideration of the best horses to breed with a view of producing what the times and the markets call for, the result could be hardly other than profitable. We are too indifferent in breeding our mares as to what we are breeding to or breeding for, and the result is apparent in the thousands of almost worthless plugs so common in all commercial centers. One reason for the unprofitableness of farming is in this indifference and neglect. We breed to a cheap horse because cheap and the result is seen in the produce. Cannot something be done to correct this habit and teach the propriety of breeding only to the best? But there are many other questions open to discussion connected with the horse business besides this, which might be mentioned here had we room, and not the least of them is the fact that the majority of our fairs are neglecting the draft, the carriage and the saddle horse for the trotter and the roadster. The horse men could entertain the meeting for a few hours very advantageously and profitably, and leave those present much better informed and wiser men to return to their homes to instruct their neighbors.

And is it possible the swinemens from all over the State could not entertain the assemblage three or four hours to considerable advantage? Nay, is it not more than likely that nearly every man present could tell something of importance that would be new to the audience? Not one man in a dozen has figured out the safest and surest method of feeding so as to ensure constitution, thrift, early maturity and hardiness; nor can one in ten tell which is the best combination of feeds for fattening and for meat, how to avoid swine diseases, or what, if anything, can be done for them when diseased. The hog is an important factor in our success or non-success, and anything said or done calculated to open our eyes to better methods and surer ones, is so much gained in our stock and store of available information calculated to put money in our purse.

And is there nothing can be said calculated to benefit the average farmer from the dairy standpoint? Here is one of our greatest weaknesses, a branch of business sadly neglected, and one of the surest when rightly and properly conducted, to lead to success and to profit. Much can and should be said of the various matters pertaining to the dairy part of farming, and if we are not very much mistaken, this part of the meeting will be found one of the most interesting and profitable. It will be the object of the promoters to see that ample provision is made for a full consideration and discussion, that we may determine whether or not there is room for encouragement and good prospects for safe and profitable enterprise.

It will put the delegates to considerable expense to attend the meeting, but we have no manner of doubt but the money and time so spent will be found the best investment any one has made or attempted this winter, and that the outcome will be as gratifying, as the meeting gives evidence of being, successful. As two delegates are to be selected from every county, and as only representative men are supposed to be appointed, we cannot conceive of a finer body of brainy men ever being called together in the State, or one that gives promise of better results.

Piles Piles Itching Piles.

Symptoms.—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. It allowed to continue humors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals the ulceration and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

Ex-Senator McGrath's Son Killed.

Kokomo, Ind., December 10.—Thomas J. McGrath, of St. Louis, and an employee of the plate glass company's works, at this place, was struck by a train on the Panhandle road at noon to-day, just outside the city limits and instantly killed, his body being thrown 40 feet down an embankment and horribly bruised and mangled. He had just left the works and was crossing the track on his way home to dinner. It was raining and he had pulled his rubber coat over his head to protect himself, and did not hear the approach of the train. The unfortunate man was 25 years of age and leaves a wife and one child, the latter but three weeks old. The family came from New Albany, this State, and had been living here but a short time, and the wife was waiting at the gate and wondering why her husband did not come home, when she received the sad news. McGrath was a skilled workman and earned good wages.

Rheumatism Can be Cured.

It has baffled the skill of our best physicians and there are to-day more men, women and children suffering from this terrible disease than ever before, and the opinion seems universal that it is incurable, but this is a mistaken idea for it can be cured by using as directed Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Strengthening Plasters. Prepared by Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich.; price \$1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5.00; or, we will send it to any address on receipt of price.

W. E. BARD, Druggist.

Mr. Jackson's Illness.

The following from the Kansas City Times relating to the illness of Dr. J. W. Jackson, who was formerly a well known and popular Sedalian, will be read with interest here:

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 9.—Nothing elicits more interest in a community than the severe sickness of a prominent and popular physician and surgeon. The recent illness of Dr. J. W. Jackson in this city demonstrates that fact. In performing a charitable surgical operation on a poor woman a few weeks ago his system became inoculated with blood poison from a small abrasion of the skin of his thumb, which caused his friends and family great uneasiness. Dr. Jackson is one of the most cheering and cheerful men in the sick room I have seen—a double concentrated ray of sunshine to the patient, almost banishing the idea of death from the sufferer and the family, creating hope, courage and confidence by the very way he acts. A servant has been kept constantly engaged at the door of his residence, answering the questions of the inquiries and receiving baskets of flowers from his numerous female patients—the young as well as the old, the poor as well as the rich. His room is as redolent of sweetness as a botanical garden. Sickness under such circumstances is a blessing, as it makes us see the better side of life—that the good physician is ever looked upon as the true Samaritan of life, and this should teach him that there is much good in humanity, beyond its bones to be sawed and its flesh to be cut. Physicians of all schools have proven to be his friends. At the crisis of his disease Dr. E. H. Gregory of St. Louis, the recognized surgeon in the state, made a special trip to Kansas City to see him. Dr. Jackson's career as a physician and surgeon has been so manly and honorable that his success has excited no jealousies. His convalescence will be pleasant news to all. One of the most beautiful articles ever published was written by George D. Prentice as an editorial in the old Louisville Journal November 8, 1866, after recovering from a prolonged illness. It is a gem of pathos, and is so applicable to this case that I ask for its reproduction:

"Our heart felt thanks are due to very many of our brethren for their very kind notices of us during our late illness. Their sympathy soothed and cheered and strengthened us. It seemed to throw a calm and lovely light upon the world and make us wish to linger still among our fellow-men. There is much that is beautiful and holy and hallowed in sickness. Its influences are purer and better than those of health. Indeed the feebleness of the body is often the health of the soul. We see and hear what we may not in the season of our physical strength. Myriad spirits of the air flutter over the dividing line between two worlds, uttering to mortal beings the words they have learned in heaven. As we move downward upon the sombre and mysterious pathway that leads to the door of the tomb, we behold, as from the depths of a shadowy well or cavern, the pale serenities of floating stars, all invisible in the glare of sunshine of the upper air, and their sacred and blessed light need never to fade from the spirit."

Too Thin.

New York World.

A fat woman, with a very red face, got on a crowded Broadway car yesterday. She was so exceedingly fat that it was a great effort for her to stand at all, and a young man, as thin as she was stout, squeezed up out of his seat, and lifting his hat gracefully invited her to sit down.

The fat lady looked him over with a contemptuous glint in her eyes, and then, in a loud and angry tone, said: "Young man, I suppose you thought you was awful cunning to ask a woman as fat as I am to sit in the six-inch space that you have been occupying." "I'm fat, but not foolish, and if you thought you would mortify me before all these people, why yer barking up the wrong saplin.' I'll let you know who's to be mortified."

The thin young man blushed crimson and muttered that he "meant no harm," "didn't notice," &c.

"Oh, you didn't notice, didn't you? Well this'll teach you to notice next time and not insult respectable ladies in such a way. I'm fat and I'm not ashamed of it, but if I was thin and scrawny as you are I would go pad myself from A to Izzard."

The young man tried again to say his intentions were the best, but she cut him off:

"Shut up, you wasp waisted cadaver or I'll pull you in two. Come back here and sit down again in this crack, you long drawn out link between a hard winter and hereafter!"

She reached for him, but the young man had wisely fled the car at the last crossing.

"If you once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, biliousness or constipation you will never be without them. They are purely vegetable; small and easy to take, all druggists sell them."

IMPOSING OBSEQUIES.

The Funeral of Jefferson Davis Attended by Thousands.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 12.—Yesterday, notwithstanding the threatening and oppressive character of the weather during the past several days, could not have been more propitious or beautiful. The portentous, pregnant-looking clouds of the night previous, and the great banks of heavy fog that prevailed during the early part of the morning had wholly disappeared by 7 o'clock, as the sun burst forth, and a beautiful Southern summer day dawned for the obsequies of the Southern Chieftain. The city was crowded with thousands of people, representing the prominence, the wealth and the chivalry of the Southern states. The town was draped from one end to the other with most elaborate showings of black. Business fronts and residences that were barren of mourning emblems yesterday were covered this morning.

At an early hour this morning the streets were thronged with soldiers and firemen in uniform, members of very civic organizations and representatives of every profession, avocation and association, all en route to their respective meeting places, from whence, a few hours later, they were to concentrate in Lafayette Square. As soon as the doors of the City Hall were opened a stream of visitors began to pour through the death chamber to take a farewell view of the remains of the famous Confederate leader. The crowd of visitors was even greater than that of yesterday, there being hundreds of people from abroad who visit to this city had been delayed until to-day. It was not until 11:30 o'clock that the lid of the casket closed down forever upon the features of the dead. The remains were then conveyed to the front portico of the City Hall building, where the simple but impressive rites of the Episcopal Church were performed. Lafayette Square, in front of the City Hall, and the streets were densely packed with people, and the balconies and every available space from which the pageant could be viewed was crowded in the extreme.

A MILITARY FUNERAL.

By universal request Mr. Davis was given a funeral in full accord with his superior rank as a military officer, in addition to which the numerous civic and other organizations combined to render the cortege to-day in all respects most imposing, not only in reference to numbers, but in the pomp and circumstance of the elaborate ceremonial. Among those participating in the obsequies of the father of the confederacy to-day, besides the veterans of the lost cause, who have again been called upon to close up their decimated ranks, were many gallant soldiers whose unflinching valor displayed on numerous hotly contested fields resulted, not frequently, in both glory and victory to the "stars and stripes."

Half past eleven was the hour at which the funeral ceremonies were to be commenced, but long previous to that time the great square immediately fronting the City Hall had become an unwieldy mass of eager, sympathetic humanity. According to programme, the square proper was to be reserved exclusively for the military. In the enforcement of this injunction, however, the large, but by no means, adequate police force on duty, experienced innumerable obstacles and it was with the greatest difficulty that the swaying multitude was kept beyond the prescribed environments. The streets and every available space where an unobstructed or partial view could be had of the portico of the municipal building, were crowded almost to suffocation. During all this time the air was laden with funeral dirges, the solemn requiem of the bells was heard on every hand, and louder and deeper were the sounds of the minute gun that at intervals thundered forth their epe-mouthed tribute to the illustrious dead.

THE BODY.

The body, notwithstanding the very warm and exceptionally oppressive weather of the past week, was remarkably well preserved. The countenance presented an expression of "rapturous repose," and in no wise had "decay's effacing fingers" yet blotted out, much less tarnished in the remotest degree, the noble lines of a face strikingly attractive when lighted by the fire of genius, as it was wont to be. Indeed, confederacy's beloved chieftain, as he reposed in his coffin this morning, presented just such a picture as those who knew and loved him in life would like best to cherish in their memory.

At 12:10 the casket was conveyed from the memorial room to an improvised catafalque in the center of the front portico, whose massive pillars were entwined with a profusion of crepe. Over the casket was thrown the soft folds of a silken flag of the "lost cause," as also the glittering saber with which the dead soldier had carved fame and honor for himself and glory and victory for his country on the crimson fields of Chapultepec and Monterey. Immediately surrounding the coffin were the clergy and armed sentries, being the only persons admitted to a place on the portico during the service. The relatives of the deceased were assigned to seats in the mayor's parlor, from the windows of which they were enabled to witness the ceremonies.

The obsequies, which were according to the ritual of the Episcopal church, were conducted by Bishop Galleher, assisted by five officiating clergymen of various denominations, as follows: Father Hubert, Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Davis, rector at Biloxi, Miss, Rev. Dr. Markham, Rev. Mr. Brakewell, and Rev. Mr. Martin. There were altogether fully twenty sacerdotal ministers, besides the attendance of numerous clergy of different denominations from the various southern states. A surplined choir of thirty-six voices, accompanied by the organ, sang the anthem: "Through the valley of the shadow of death."

The remains followed by an immense procession, were interred in Metairie cemetery, one of the most beautiful spots in the south, and the grave was completely covered with ferns.

7.—Pains in the small of the back indicate a diseased condition of the Liver or Kidneys, which may be easily removed by the use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm. \$1 per bottle.



An efficient yet mild detergent without any of the objectionable properties of ordinary soaps, is what recommends the "IVORY" to intelligent and discriminating people. Its cheapness brings it within the reach of every one.

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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POOR JOHNSTOWN.

Death has a Picnic in her Environs Once More.

Johnstown, Pa., December 11.—During a performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin at the Opera House here last night a cry of fire was raised, resulting in a terrible rush for life down the narrow stairs. Five or six were killed and many terribly injured. Later—Ten persons were instantly crushed to death and probably seventy-five very seriously injured. Names of all the killed and wounded can not be ascertained at present. Among the killed are Mrs. Nester and George Fischorn. The latter being a resident of Baltimore. It was found necessary to turn a stream of water on the crowd from a fire engine standing near before the dead and wounded could be taken out. People rushed from the outside up the narrow stairs and were crushed by the crowd, forcing its way to the street.

McLELLAN'S WINE OF CARDU for Weak Nerves.

JOHNSTOWN'S DISASTER.

Later News Concerning the Injured in the Terrible Theatre Panic.

Johnstown, Pa., Dec. 12.—The accident at Parke's opera house Tuesday night is an awful illustration of the highly nervous condition of a large number of the people of this unfortunate city. There has been a disposition to draw morbid conclusions from the Conemaugh calamity, and it has fastened itself upon the women, young folks, and many of the excitable middle-aged people. There has been more or less disposition to go to the theater whenever there was a chance, in order to try to forget the horrors of last spring. Other amusements have also been eagerly sought for the same purpose. These were some of the reasons for the large audience at the theatre that night. There is no exaggeration in saying that there has been an undefined but unmistakable feeling of foreboding of coming ill, and this is what led to the slaughter last night. Those who started out of the house went from curiosity to see where the fire was, but they did so excitedly and the instant effect was a panic. The bell which struck the alarm of fire was so close to the theatre that it seemed to be sounding in the building, and never was confusion more precipitate and awful among frightened human beings. The ferocity of the struggle by some of the foreign mill workmen was as revolting as it was disastrous in its results. Blind fury and brute strength were unchained together, and the result is seen in the list of dead and on the bodies of the injured. No more deaths have resulted, the number of dead, as before stated, being ten. The following is a list of those seriously hurt, some of whom will likely die. Probably fifty others sustained slight injuries.

Henderson's Morgue, where the dead were laid, was visited by thousands of people to-day. Many came from curiosity, while here and there in the throng would be found a bereaved one, mourning the loss of a parent, child or near relative. The funerals of the victims will take place on Friday. The theater will not reopen. The city officials are being severely criticised for permitting the use of the building as a theater, as it is claimed it was known to be unsafe. A thorough investigation of the rumors of alleged clubbing by the police during the panic will be made.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases.

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

The Silcott Investigation.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 12.—The Silcott investigating committee yesterday agreed to a preliminary report and will submit it to the house to-morrow. The amount of the deficit is given, as has already been stated, at about \$71,800. The committee find that the funds of the office have been used by Silcott for the purposes of discount but to what extent cannot be stated. Forgeries of the names of members have been committed, and these are set forth in detail as far as known. The report exonerates Silcott's associates in the office, the teller and box keeper, from any connection with his crime.

HE MAY ASK,

"Where Did You Get That Hat?"

About 10 o'clock last night, two young men and two young girls who had been to a meeting of the Salvation Army, were on their way, in East Sedalia, to the homes of the girls, one of these last being named Wells, residing on Saline street north of the round house, and the other being Ida Kiddwell, residence not known. The young men are not known. While the quartette was going along Engineer street, the brothers of the Wells girl made an attack on the young fellow who was with their sister, and in the scuffle one of them got the stranger's hat, a derby of good make. The young man ran from his assailants, and Officer Barnett, who was attracted to the scene, secured the hat, which is now in his possession. The girls and the other young man proceeded homeward after the melee without trouble.

The owner of the hat is notified that he can recover his title by calling on either officers Barnett or Jim Gossage, in East Sedalia. He will know his hat by the initials "H. J. N.," which are nicely embroidered on a ribbon fastened across the interior of the crown.

Shot His Friend.

Norborne, Mo., Dec. 12.—About midnight last night, as Frank Gentry was on his way home, he was struck on the back of the head by a rock thrown by Wm. Neil, with whom he had had words earlier in the evening. Gentry turned and grappled with Neil, who had a pistol in his hand, and endeavored to get the weapon. Neil snapped the revolver twice without effect, but the third time it went off, the ball entering the center of the upper portion of Gentry's stomach and passing around to the right, and has not been located. After he was shot Gentry took the pistol from Neil, assisted him to hunt his hat, and then walked to his boarding house, a distance of two blocks, carrying the pistol with him. He is in a critical condition, and it is believed the wound is fatal. Neil has fled. They had been good friends before the difficulty. Both men are unmarried and about 25 years of age.

—Mr. Cleveland has taken to encouraging literature now. The author of the local story "Lord Dunmersey" points with pride to the following note from the Ex-President: "Please accept my thanks for a copy of your story which you kindly sent me. I certainly appreciate this evidence of your thoughtfulness and courteous remembrance. Yours very truly, Grover Cleveland. Does Mr. Cleveland find time to read the lively literature of the present day? If he does he will be very likely to broaden in his intellect. Imagine what Mr. Cleveland may be by the time the next Presidential election comes around, provided he takes a course of Amelie Rives, Saltus, Dainty and Abi S. Jackman.

—Carter's Little Liver Pills will be found an excellent remedy for sick headache. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Ask your druggist for them.